

Hello Folks.

Wednesday Dec 29/43

Boy was I just about the happiest fellow in camp today when the postman pulled up with a big parcel; my it was grand and everything was certainly lovely, and I just can't express how much I appreciate what you have done and the happiness you have brought into my very lonely life here, and I thank you all from the bottom of my heart. I will be spending some very lonely evenings playing bridge with the boys. You will be pleased no doubt to know that every thing you packed in the parcel got here without any damage whatever and also that they are things that I couldn't possibly buy out here. Naturally we don't have black markets too but not things that we are inclined to do without. We need coupons to buy anything and of course we can't get them, they are only for the civilians use. I bet you would be about the most surprised people in Toronto if you could get through the shopping section of our town on a Saturday afternoon and see the wonderful assortment of canned goods, pickles and jams I hadn't seen in Canada for a year before I came over here. About the worst things we get to eat are warrens bread and mutton. I don't lamb over here, just plain mutton and I don't think I'll ever look a sheep in the face again with anything but hatred in my heart and a strong desire to climb the fence and kick the stuffing out of it. The bread is a cross between white and brown, sometimes it's a funny grey color

but it sure is filling. By the way I've sure put on weight over here. I go about 165' or better now and that's really something for me. I had a very nice Xmas here in camp. We couldn't do any travelling this year it was against orders, but we had a regular old time dinner with all the drinking and the people around about the camp outdid themselves trying to see who could give us the best time and get us drunk the quickest. I've have a small pub, The Stag Inn about three minutes walk away

FROM:
(Sender's full name and address)

MB2901 Pte T.H. Roberts

#48/D. #1 C.B.O.D.

#1 Keble Park

R.C.O.C. C.G.O.

If anything is enclosed in this letter it will be sent by ordinary mail.

AIR MAIL

ARMED FORCES
AIR LETTER

To: Mrs. J. Roberts

373 Marlborough Road

London W.1

England



from the camp where we go in the evenings to sip cider and play darts. I've generally had an old fashioned sing song before the night's over. This is the best spot I've hit yet and we had a dandy go of it here - I hope it keeps on for the duration, it won't make me mad at all. I'll folks I'm just about at the end of the paper so I thank you again very much for the lovely Xmas box and please write soon. I'll be writing also. The Best of Everything for the New Year. From

B2901 Pte T.H. Roberts
#H S/D # 1 C.B.O.D
1 Vehicle Park
R.C.O.C C.G.O

Mr. & Mrs. J. Boothe
373 Mortimer Ave
Toronto 6, Ontario
Canada

Wednesday, Dec 29/43

Hello Folks:

Boy was I just about the happiest fellow in camp today when the postman pulled up with a big parcel, my it was grand and everything was certainly lovely and I just can't express how much I appreciate what you have done and the happiness you have brought into my very lonely life here and I thank you all from the bottom of my heart. I will be spending some very lonely evenings playing bridge with the boys. You will pleased no doubt to know that everything you packed in the parcel got here without any damage whatever and also that they are things I can't possibly buy over here. Naturally we have our black market too but not being that way inclined I do without. We need coupons to buy everything and of course we can't get them, they are only for civilian use. I'll bet you would be about the most surprised people in Toronto if you could but walk through the shopping section of our town on a Saturday afternoon and see the wonderful assortment of canned goods, pickles and things I hadn't seen in Canada for a year before I came over here. About the worst things we get to eat are wartime bread and mutton. It's not lamb over here, just plain mutton and I don't think I'll ever look a sheep in the face again with anything but hatred in my heart and a strong desire to climb the fence and kick the stuffing out of it. The bread is a cross between white and brown, sometimes its a funny grey color but it sure is filling. By the way I've sure put on weight over here. I go about 165 or better now and thats really something for me. I had a very nice Xmas here in camp. We couldn't do any travelling this year , it was against orders, but we had a regular old time dinner with all the trimming and the people around about the camp outdid themselves trying to see who could give us the best time and get us drunk the quickest. We have a small pub, The Stag Inn about three minutes walk away from the camp where we go in the evenings to sip cider and play darts. We generally have an old fashioned sing song before the night's over. This is the best spot I've did yet and we had a dandy go of it here. I hope it keeps on for the duration, it won't make me mad at all. Well folks I'm just about at the end of the paper so I thank you again very much for the lovely Xmas box and please write soon. I'll be writing also.

The Best of Everything for the New Year. Tom